Warning: General Surgeons should not make up slogans for cigarette packages while reading "Studenetz"

STUDENETZ

—Vol. 1 No.5 — • November 1992 •

The following is an English translation of the Preamble to the proposed Ukrainian Constitution. Parliamentary discussions have been postponed until some time in December. The government postponed the discussion last week, after months of heated debate and discussion.

THE PEOPLE OF UKRAINE,

EXPRESSING its soverign will,

EXERCISING its inalienable right to self-determination,

CONTINUING the thousand-year history of Ukrainian statehood going back to the Kievan State of Volodymyr the Great,

REMEMBERING its countless victims and enormous sufferings of the time of loss of statehood and struggle for its restoration,

RECOGNIZING freedom and the natural rights of Man as the supreme social value,

STRIVING to create living conditions worthy of Man,

SEEKING to preserve the social accord,

ASPIRING to build and develop a civic society,

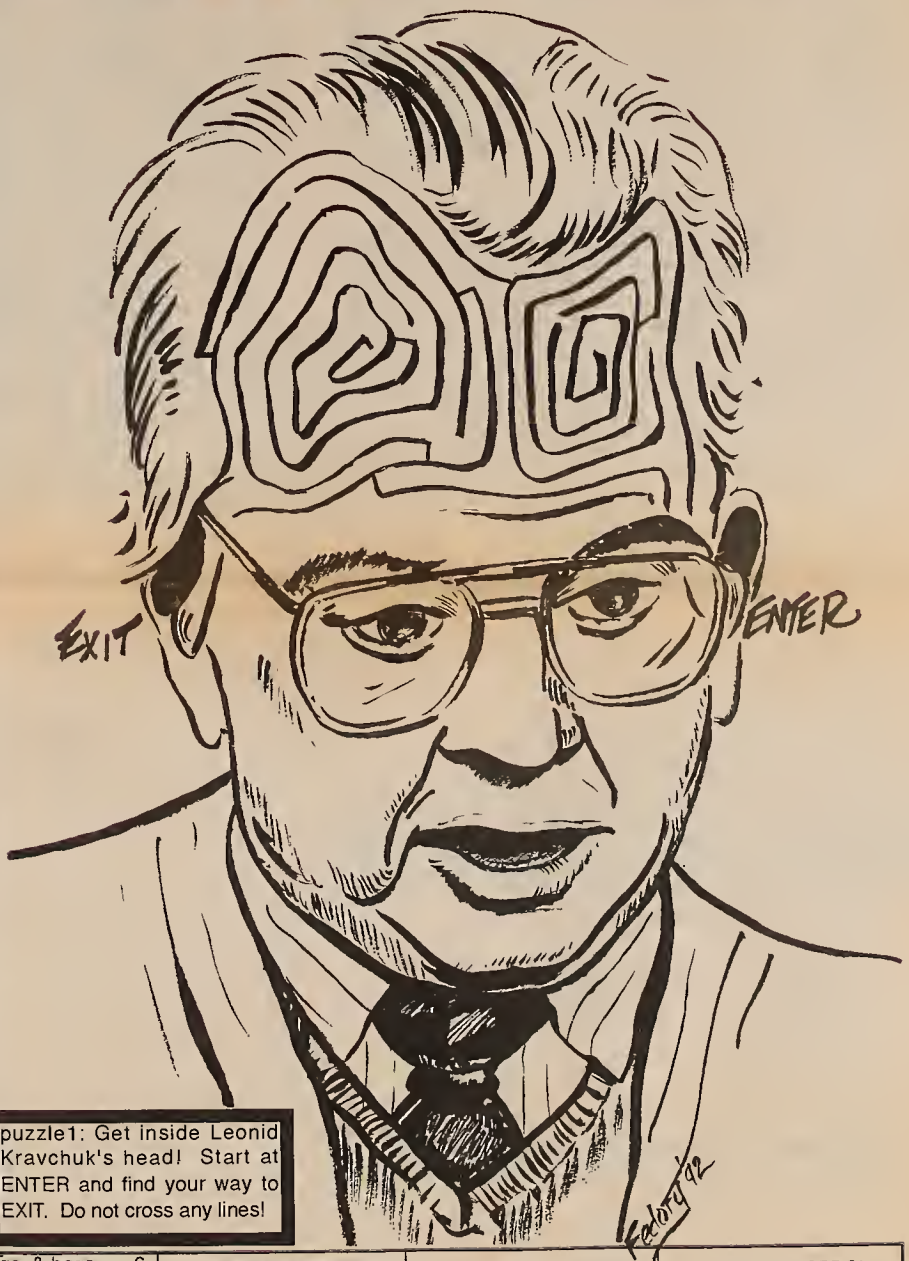
DECLARING its firm dessire to live freely in an independent democratic state,

GUIDED BY the Act of the Declaration of Independence of Ukraine of the 24th of August, 1991, as confirmed on the 1st of December, 1991 by a nationwide referendum,

REALIZING its responsibility to the present generations and those to come,

ADOPTS this Constitution and proclaims it the FUNDAMENTAL LAW OF BLESSED UKRAINE.

(See Page 8 For more discussion of the proposed Constitution)



puzzle1: Get inside Leonid Kravchuk's head! Start at ENTER and find your way to EXIT. Do not cross any lines!

Editorial.....2
Листи з України.....2
News and Info.....3
Сила Прапредків.....4
Achtung! Das ist Der Vapniakinder.....4
The Art of Zen.....5
Jazz, mags, & bags.....6
Humour.....7
Things that make you go hmmm.....8
Reader Questionnaire...8

Quote of the Month:

"Once you heve eccess to the system, you begin to clearly see the bars of the prison we live in."

-Michael Synergy, Cyberpunk icon -

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Editorial Page

Screaming blue messiahs.

There is a vacuum that has been created by the dwindling away into nothingness of the Ukrainian media establishment. What the hell is going on? We'll tell you. No one else is going to.

"What do those cerebral vagrants have in mind now?" you may ask. "Who are they going to slam, ridicule, offend, debase, or send into a state of utter higgledy-piggledy?" you moan as you crumple this issue up to throw it into your fireplace. Who? What? Everyone. No one. Ourselves.

What are we writing? It has yet to be determined, since we are making this up as we go along sailing in place. We are as lost as all of you. "Landru, guide us!" This is the problem, with us as much as with all of you who have all the answers to all of the problems, but do not see the problem in all of the answers. They simply don't work. We are all pulling at the same, stubborn root. However, we are scrambling all over eachother to wrap our fingers most tightly around the meat and no one can get even a slippery grip.

What the Ukrainian media need (and we admit, there is still moisture behind our earlobes - but at least we *admit* it) is a focus. We are all looking at what is going on around us but we only see the hazy blur of our own myopia. Bob's not real, man. Neither is this.

Things were simpler when the media were intolerably narrow in their structure of party ideology and pompous posturing. The proliferation of newspapers, magazines and Burger King franchises is usually a sign of a healthy democracy at work and at play. Yet, their is a troubling mess spilling out of our collective self-destruction and it must be dealt with, this lousy card. There is no explanation for the unacceptable, copulant plenitude of contradictory ideas that is floating around in the cesspool of our community. The average reader, who follows what is printed on our pages as religiously as the Pope eats kielbasa, is watching us all beat ourselves over the heads while his or her pension cheque is going into their grandchildren's pockets. The medium is the message. We have become the messengers. Banal harbingers of redundant boredom.

What are naked women doing on magazine covers? A hell of a lot more than we are sitting here and there in our ivory erections playing mind games with the mindless.

What we need is a single, English-language daily newspaper that approaches issues from a Ukrainian perspective but is not limited to that perspective. We need a media empire that will make money, not piddle it away. Standard. Unified. Diverse. On the page and on the screen and in the ear.

Let's take the example of Conrad Black. Conrad Black doesn't need to know how to *spell his name* (although we are sure that he does). He has multitudes in his publishing multinational to do it for him. In the process, Conrad Black is thinking of how to add more blocks to his pyramid.

Why is he able to do this? Because Conrad Black does not waste his time throwing manure at people on the next fencepost, like we do. He spends his time getting the next fencepost.

Where is all of this leading? Certainly not where we thought it would at the outset. Getting it said is harder than getting it done, if you want to get it done well, let alone *at all.*

We want the world community to think of Ukrainians all over the world as people with brains in their *heads*, not in their *holubtsi.*

Hey *Baba*, Put a little gravy on that, will you?

Листи з України

Шановні пані і панове-працівники газети „Студинець"! Щиросердечний Вам привіт із України!

До Вас пишуть члени краєзнавчо-пошукового гуртка Збаразького районного Будинку дитячої творчості Тернопільської області, яка знаходиться на Україні...Надіємось, якщо звичайно Ви відгукнетесь на наше прохання, через газету „Студинець" знайти друзів у Америці. Мета нашого гуртка дружити із Українською діаспорою.

Вік наших гуртківців 11-14 років. Тут зібрались хлопці та дівчата, які захоплюються українською культурою, зокрема піснями, віршами, звичаями, прислів'ями, приказками та іншим. А разом ми займаємось на гуртку народними ремеслами.

Свої роботи будемо висилати друзям за океаном. З різних інформаційних джерел ми дізнаємось про культуру і рівень розвитку дітей в капіталістичних країнах. Так би хотілось нам хоч на краплю запозичати їхні окремі якості.

Нам випадає будувати незалежну Україну. Щоб бути гідними господарями нам потрібна Ваша підтримка. На цьому закінчуємо, незабудьте про нас. Наша адреса: 283830 Україна, Тернопільська обл., м. Збараж, районний Будинок дитячої творчості, краєзнавчо-пошуковий гурток.

Добрий день ровесники за океаном!

„Молодь України для молоді діаспори"-прочитав я заголовок в одній з львівських газет і подумав: невже молодь таких розвинутих країн як США і Канада потребує нашої допомоги. І зловив себе на думці, що я не можу нічим допомогти молоді діаспори лише б тому, що нічого не знаю про своїх тамтешніх ровесників. Тільки переконаний в тому, що Ваш спосіб життя-орієнтир для нас. Ми тільки запроваджуємо ринкову економіку. Вам мабуть важко зрозуміти яка в Україні була економіка, якщо ми впроваджуємо таку, яка на американському континенті існує і розвивається з часу його відкриття Колумбосом. Мусимо повертатися до приватизації, адже експеримент з соціалізмом дуже дорого нам обійшовся і потерпів край.

Якщо Ви думаєте, що приватизувати підприємства легка справа для молодої Української Держави - Ви помиляєтесь. У Вас це б зробили просто: продали б тому хто більше заплатить. У нас так не можна, адже великі гроші може мати лише той, хто нечесно жив. В цьому я переконався на прикладі моїх батьків, які все життя чесно працювали від зорі до зорі і ніякого капіталу не нажили. Соціалізм виключив право людини на підприємницьку діяльність. Це привело до того, що втратили господарські традиції наших дідів і прадідів. Люди зневірились у своїх підприємницьких здібностях. Мій дід був засуджений на 8 років тюрми за те, що засіяв два гектари поля, яке було нічиїм і пропадало без господаря після війни. А сьогодні, коли дідові 80 років, йому кажуть беріть землі скільки хочете. Хіба це не блюзнірство?

Зараз на Україні можна займатися підприємством; але справжніх підприємців-товаровиробників ще мало. Молодь, в основному, робить бізнес на спекуляції, перепродаючи дифіцитні товари, а дифіція у нас майже все. Відкрити якусь серйозну справу непросто, оскільки по-перше нема стартового капіталу, по-друге нема ніякого досвіду, по-третє закони в нас ще далеко не досконалі. Є й інші причини. У Вас зайнятись якимсь бізнесом мабуть теж не просто, через конкуренцію. Проте у Вас є величезний досвід і було б дуже добре якби хтось розповідав нам про нього. Особисто я буду дуже вдячні тому, хто буде писати мені повчальні листи щодо бізнесу, вчити мене на конкретних прикладах з свого життя чи життя своїх знайомих. Звичайно не все, що робиться у Вас, можна запровадити в наших умовах, але тим не менше це дуже цікаво. Мене цьому ніхто не вчив, хоче закінчив педагогічне училище і Львівський університет. Зараз працюю в органах місцевої влади...

Хотів би мати друзів в Канаді, США чи інших країнах яким можна було листуватися про все. Я зовсім не знаю як Ви живете, які у Вас проблеми, як працюєте, як відпочиваєте. Та й у Вас мабуть неправильні уявлення про наше життя. Буду чекати Ваших листів. Обіцяю відповісти всім, хто мені напише. Моя адреса: 29220, Львівська обл., м.Сосніівка, вул. Галицька 2 кв. 13, Савчук Павло Олексійович.

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Bosnian Ukrainians in Vienna

by Stepben Bandera

On Octobet 18, 1992 at 10:00 am, Kostyk Haiduk went to attend mass at Sr. Varvara Ukrainian Catholic Church in Vienna, Austria. Kostyk Haiduk is a 23 -year old Ukrainian Canadian born in Lviv, Ukraine. He recently travelled to Vienna, Austria where he had the chance to meet with the Ukrainian communitry there. He found the community trying to help fellow Ukrainians from Bosnia-Hercegovina, refugees who fled the war currently raging in the former Yugoslavia.

The Church was a gift from the Austrian Empress Matia Theresa. She gave ir to Ukrainian Catholics in the 18th century as a welcoming gesrure to the immigranrs. The elderly crowd of about a hundred people, was joined in mid-Mass by about 20 youths. They did not look happy, most of them wore frowns on their tired faces, and teats were visible on some of their faces. They stood in the back cornet of the Church. They were praying to God, yet they seemed to be very uncomfortable.

Since Kostyk was a new face, after Mass the locals approached me and started asking who he was, where he was from. Dr. Serhiy Naklovych, who turns out to be one of the leading members of the Austrian Ukrainian community, invited Kostyk to come to their hall. Dr. Naklovych is the President of the Ukrainian Central Aid Union in Austria. Kostyk met with other Ukrainian Austrians in the one-room "hall". The toom was filled with more of the same young people, and all were buzzing around Dr. Naklovych. They were either talking, or filling out some forms. It turned out that these were some of the 200 refugees from Bosnia-Hercegovina of Ukrainian origin.

A young man from among the refugees' number told me a little bit about the history of Ukrainians in Yugoslavia. The first Ukrainian immigtanrs came to Yugoslavia after the Turks had lost their control over the region, and Bosnia, Serbia, and Croatia came under Austrian control. Most of them were from Halychyna, a tegion in Western Ukraine, which was also under Austrian control. Mosr of them settled in the region known today as Bosnia-Hercegovina, which has always been considered as part of Croatia.

The first wave of immigration came in the third-quarter of the 18th century in citcumstance similar to those that brought Ukrainians into Western Canada a century later. Thete was an abundance of unworked land which the Austrians wanted to convert into arable land.

The second wave occurted abour the same time the first wave of Ukrainian immigtation into North America, that is in the 1890's. The third and biggesr wave came during the First World War, between the tears of 1914-1917.

Today, almost 200,000 Ukrainians live in the former Yugoslavia, mostly in Bosnia-Hercegovina. They are primatily landworkers from Ivano-Frankivsk, Tetnopil, Lviv and Bukovyna. They have survived two world wars, and have managed to retain theit Ukrainian identity over the generations. Most of them are of Ukrainian Catholic background, but there is also a significant Ukrainian Orthodox presence in the former Yugoslavia.

The refugees are males and females between the ages of 25 and 45. When they showed Kosryk their passports, they were designated as citizens of "B-H", that is Bosnia Hercegovina. Most of them were from the Ukrainian Catholic parish of Kozaretz. They began telling about their lives before the outbursr of hostiliries.

One 30 yeat old man, who preferred not to give his nameless lesr any harm come to the remaining members of his family in Bosnia, recounted the first day and night of the war:

That first night, Serbian officers came around to rhe houses, looking for young men to rake away to the army. They missed him that night, but his neighbour's sons were gone. The third day into hostiliries, he found his home ruined by bullers and grenades. Fortunarely his family had survived the shelling. He ctied, for he had invested a lot of time and money into building a life for his wife and two kids, who are both younger than 10. He had just managed to buy a car and build the home that was ruined that day. He took his family to their neighbour's house, where Serbian soldiers again stormed in in the middle of the night. He and his wife gor the children out of bed, quickly grabbed some of their valuables and documenrs, and fled shoeless into a nearby field. It was then that he decided that he and his family had to escape into Austtia. They bought off two Serbian border guards with the gold they had managed to take.

Another fellow interjected his story at this point, to tell me that the speaker was being too modest. "He helped forry of us to get out of that hellhole," he explained. (This second man also preferred to remain anonymous)

A third man, who told us he was from Priyavor, said that their Church was completely destroyed by Serbian artillery. He showed me pictures of the destroyed Church. He also listed the names of Ukrainians thar he knows have died in the former Yugoslavia. Among them were the following whom the Serbs forced to fight:

Druchek, Petro
Komarnycky, Yosyf
Tzytel, Yosyf
Lahlad, Petro
Lavdyr, Mychas

They died while serving in punitive batralions. The Serbs took members of national minorities, and threw them into the ftont lines as cannon fodder. If they turned back from the front, they were be shot by Serbian infantry.

"We lived in peace with the other peoples, bur the Serbs came, and started setting us upon each other," he explained.

The first days of the war were mass confusion. No one knew exactly who was fighting and there was no clear indication of who the enemy was. When phtases like "ethnic cleansing" started kicking about, the politics motivating the war became clear. Some Ukrainians joined the struggle of the anti-Serbian ranks. Orhers fled rhere homes to escape into adjoining countries.

The term "ethnic cleansing" seem to be a very appropriate characterization of the war, according to these refugees. They think that the Serbian srtaregy is to neutralize the various national minorities by setting them against each orher. The war also has a religious character because of this, for Muslim is set upon the Christian, and the Catholics fight the Orthodox.

"Do you know rhe price of a human life?," one of them asked Kostyk. He lit a cigarette and finished in 5 drags. He recounted how three drunk Serbian soldiers came to his friend's house and asked him for a smoke. When the friend told them that he doesn't smoke, they shot him.

Two civilian Ukrainian women are also among the victims. Nemynka Periukh was shot in the head right in front of her house. Tonka Zenkiewicz was hiding a Muslim in her home, when a neighbour revealed that information to Serbian authorities. Within hours, she, her husband and the Muslim were executed, according to a refugee.

The refugees' lives have also been full of hardship. By the end of Augusr, 60 refugees of Ukrainian origin had made their way to Vienna. On October 20th, that number grew to 130. They were all given shelter ar rhe World Exhibition Hall in Vienna, along with the hundreds of other refugees. So many refugees of different national backgrounds have converged in Vienna, thar rhe Austrian government, under pressute from the various community otganizations, are now re-opening run-down schools and hosrels to give them shelrer. The typical shelter houses 10 to 16 people in one four hundred square foot room. People of all ages, from grandparents to little children, their ages ranging from 70 years of age to 5 months, are forced to live in these cramped living conditions.

The Austrian government provides the basic necessities of food and shelter for rhe refugees. In rhe Ukrainian refugees' case, the Ukrainian Austrian community held a clothes drive to help them out. They collecred used winter clothing in

(continued on page 6 - Bosnian Ukrainians)

ЧОМУ НЕ ІДЕМО В КОЛГОСП?

Оксана Юрків, м. Київ

Це питання стояло на устах кожного студента Київського Медичного Університету. Неже через те, що ми стали університетом і змінилася навчальна програма? Зовсім ні.

Ще літом Л. М. Кравчук звернувся до всіх громадян про допомогу зібрати врожай. Студенти були впевнені, що і на цей раз замість сісти за підручки, будемо „вчитися" на полях. Розпочалося підготування до колгоспу: студенти діставали довідки про злий стан здоров'я, а викладачі брали відпустки на вересень.

Колгосп - це не є велика приємність. Там один закон - вижити і не захворіти. І на житло, санітарні умови жахливі. Ще минулого року наші вищі учбові заклади мали домовленності з кримськими колгоспами і радгоспами. Цього року про Крим і мови не може бути. А нових контрактів з місцевими колгоспами ие встановлено.

Як пізніше нам пояснили, колгоспам вже не вигідно брати студеита на працю. Його утримання коштує приблизно 370 купонів на день, що економічно дуже не вигідно. Студент стільки за день не зробить, і з пустими руками додому не поїде. Виникли цікаві питання: 1) Чому всі попередні роки ми були дуже вигідною раб-силою, а зараз ні? 2) Хто ж збирає врожай замість нас?

Думаю, що відповідь на ці питання дасть зима. А поки що, все на своїх місцях: студеити - вчаться, колгоспники - працюють на полях.

News shorts

• Paul Robert Magocsi may be stepping down from his position as Head of the Chair of Ukrainian Studies, a Chair member who preferred to remain anonymous told *Studenetz*. His tenure is life-long and he may seek compensation from the community. Professor Orest Subtelny of York University in Toronto is rumored to be in line for the position.

• Heinrich Wagner of Australia has been ordered to stand trial for the killing of Jews in Nazi-occupied Ukraine during World War II. Wagner, 68, will take the stand next year. He is charged with killing 19 part-Jewish children, a tailway construction worket, and with involvement in the deaths of 104 Ukrainian Jews in 1942 and 1943. Ivan Polyukhovich, 76, also faces charges for the murder of eight Jews, and for involvement in the deaths of another 850. Murder charges against another man, Mykola Berezowsky, 78, were dismissed due to insufficient evidence.

• A helicopter smuggled 22 Indians and seven Pakistanis from Ukraine into Poland on Tuesday, November 17, 1992. The airlift passengers payed $1,500 (US) each. Officials speculate that the operation has been going on for months. The 29 illegals were sent back to Ukraine. Five smugglers - Poles and Romanians - were arrested.

• The International Business Machines Corporation (IBM) said that its equipmet is being used in Ukraine's first modern computer manufacturing center which opened in the Kyiv Polythechnical Institute. IBM has also opened a tep office in Kyiv.

• The Canadian Freinds of Rukh are considering changing their name ro Canadian Friends of Ukraine. In a November 8 lerrer to the Canadian Friends of Rukh, Vyacheslav Chornovil expressed a desire to continue working with the Canadian friends of Rukh "irregardless of any rensions thar have found their way into our relations."

• The Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations has changed its name ro the Allied Bloc of Nations at a small Conference held in Toronro November 20 - 21, 1992. The organization, headed by Madame Slava Stecko, will retain the initials ABN. The Conference was attended by representatives of various formerly subjugated peoples of the Sovier Union.

• Ed Marek, John Demjanjuk's public defender, produced documents he said showed Nazi-hunting lawyers in rhe US Justice Departmenr withheld evidence thar could show Demjanjuk's claim of innocence was true. The 6th Circuir Court of Appeals in Cincinnari, which approved Demjanjuk's extradition warrant, reopened the case in June after an Israeli prosecutor admitted doubts about Demjanjuk's conviction. Martin Mendelsohn, former head of the Office of Special Investigations, testified rhar pressure from Congress and Israel prompted creation of the OSI.

News and Info

Vika Memorexing in T.O.

by Vitold Handiy

Before getting to the matter ar hand, uuhich is a revieuu of a concert by Vika - Ukraine's current nightingale, I must mention that my keyboard is f---ed. And rightly so. It seems that the "uu" (the doubleu) and the "Return" keys do nor respond. Hence I uuill try to avoid using them. . . . . (Nouu for the matter at hand) . . . . . (Here it goes) . . . . . .

I uuas surprised that so many people turned out to this extensively renovared ex-cloakroom, nouu bar. The crouud uuas mainly neuuly arrived Ukrainians. Nor many natives ventured our this night I thought ro myself. UUonder uuhy? Beer's cheap and the Entertainment is supposed to be first class. Their loss. And there asn't even a hockey game on that night. Oh Canucks.

The first person on the stage was a guy - Levko Durko - uuhich roughly rranslates to "Leo Buffoon". It uuas just him, a microphone, a stuffed pig and a stuffed horse head on a stick. The music came from a tape deck. Nor exactly Milli Vanilli but close - Levko sang but nobody played. Throughout the shouu I as thinking "Is it live or is it Memotex". This as nor the last time I uuould be thinking of rhis slogan. Bur the beer uuas cheap and plentiful. As he started his second song I started my second beer uuith full intentions of keeping up uuith the pace of the night's entertainment.

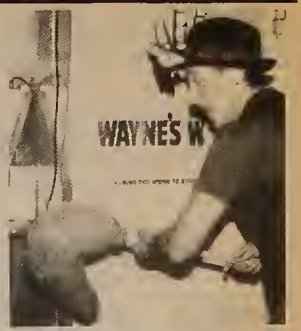
My friend came up to me and said " Ya' gunna go ro the Vika concert or uuhat?" "I dunno man. UUhy should I?" "It's gonna be good man. She's a pretty cool chick - besides the beer's cheap in the place uuhere she's playing."

No more needed ro be said. I uuas captured. Hook, line and sinkah'. I bundled myself up as much as as needed, boughr a fresh pack of smokes and ambled off to Trembita for Saturday's main event in rhis touun of no cheer.

Levko Durko's set could best be described as satirical disco pop. Sort of. His songs satirize life in Ukraine in such a uuay that niether Marylin Quale or Tipper Gore uuould get offended. Nor even Hetman Kravchuk uuold feel slighted. Lame stuff yes, but one could get a chuckle out of it once in a uuhile. The crouud liked it, alrhough rhey uuere quite subdued in rhier response. No one as freaking our ar Levko's contorted style of dancing to the raped music. Again a comparison to Milli Vanilli as made in my mind (for some odd reason). They, the douuner soaked, audience clapped to rhe beat, guffauued ar rhe appropriate lines and kepr calm. All in all Levko got about as much reaction as a regular uuarm up act gets.

The main atrrattion uuas gteeted nearly the same uuay - mitigated subduubed hysteria. The crouud shoulda' drunken more beer, I think. Houuever, Vika came onto the small srage and put on a very spirited and energetic shouu. Some people even got up to dance. I didn't. I found myself being haunted by the question "Is it live or is it Memorex?" I heard drums and guitar solos. I didn't see any drums, or a drummet, or guitars, or guitarists. On stage there uuas Vika, a bassist (her husband incidentally and brother of Levko - real family entertainment here) and Levko on keybords. Later on, talking uuith Vika, I learnt that most of her band stayed in the United States of America here she had a fe shouus this past summer. Not as tourists, they are helping build America as uue speak or read. They are uuorking on construction projects. I reasly hate it uuhen musicians turn bad! Vika said she doesn't like to sing uuithout a band backing her but she has to accept reality. Instead of pounding out a rythm on instruments, her band is pounding out a rythm uuirh hammers and assorted hand tools. Progress. Capitalism. Free Market. Freeeeeeeedoom.

During her shouu Vika seemed very spontaneous, dancing like the proverbial dervish. Unfortunately this reporter sauu her Sunday as uuell as Saturday rhat rhe shouu uuas the same - exactly rhe same - from the grimaes to the dance steps and even the same in-betuueen-song comments: "I love you all, This next one is from



my heart to you." etc... Her set uuas marked by only one bizzare specter. An instrumental piece played by the tape machine and accompanied by the bass player. At least it gave people a chance to get more beer. But enough of asides and let's get back to Vika. Her voice uuas strong as ever even though she had a bit of a cold. She did some neuu material as uuell as the old favorites from her first cassette. The old and familiar garnered a more of a response than the neuu and unfamiliar. One thing uuich I did not enjoy as here rendition of fifties hits done in Ukrainian. The music uuas familiar and the uuords uuere occasionally clever, but the rhree or four songs that she performed in this genre uuere not that inspiting, to me, at the very least.

Nouu the sum up. I enjoyed the shouu - even though there uuere many specifics about the shouu that I did not enjoy. The taped, canned, music. The routiness of the performers. And that saturday's shouu finished very early and the crouud dispersed eithet to other bars or home. It finished at about 10:30pm. Not the fault of the organizers, uuho incidentally uuere RADIOmanitnist, or the bar but because the tape deck did nor knouu any more songs. Sunday's shouu uuas much better because the crouud uuas drunker and rhreatened the tape deck uuith bodily harm if ir did nor keep on playing - even if it uuas the same songs. It did. And Vika and Levko sang on. But specifics aside it uuas a good shouu. And the beer uuas cheep.

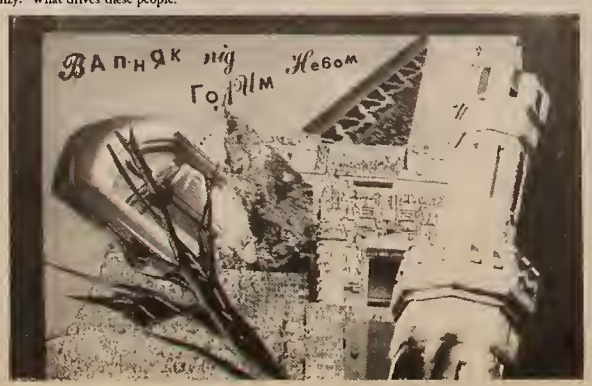
ACHTUNG! DAS IST DER VAPNIAKINDER!!

The Stalagmite Under a Naked Sky (Вапняки Під Голим Небом) is an idea, nor reality. The band does not exist in a teal sense but lingers as a metaphysical entity which refuses to go away or go forward. The band has non-existed since 1986. It has put out a 90 minute cassette, although the non-members of the band will deny this with very little determination or conviction. The band's shows tend to be loose events bordering on eclectic anarchy and misguided frenzy. What drives these people?

The members of the band, after being convinced that they are indeed members of the Stalagmites (Вапняки) (as they are knon in short form), reply thar they themselves have no idea of why they are doing what they so feebly deny that they are doing. They play music for the sake of playing music, and since they think that it is an interesting thing to do.

Their resume is actually quite extensive - a dozen or so dates in Toronto, and a concert in Waterloo and an infamous appearance In Lviv. Rumor has ir that they will even appear in New York sometimes in the new year. Throughout theit life the band has appeared in various guises, with an ever changing lineup and even different names. Four different members sing on thier self-titled cassette. They seem to switch instruments after every song - probably just for the hell of it or for some deep seated intrinsic need. Their musical style also changes from song ro song, as best exemplified on thiet cassette. At first you get your basic rock and then at once, ska-reggae flavoring, then folky meanderings, quasi-blues and then punk, from danceable songs to Dylanesque and then, when you thought you had heard it all, you can flip the cassette and you will hear a whole 45 minutes of experimentalism, sometimes based on Ukrainian folk melodies - sometimes not. One song even tries to incorporate all these elements.

One could go on and on extolling the virtues and handicaps of this band and its music but its better to hear this one-of-a-kind cassette for yourself.



Ці бідолахи, яким масс-медія пришили до вух попсові навушники — ВАПНЯКІВ не почують взагалі.

Ці бідолахи, яких естетичний смак є наче штивний, крохмалений комірець — легковажно, або з погордою стверднть: це не мистецтво, це еклектизм і аматорщина.

Бог з ними!

Справа в тому, що цю музику твориться без ніякого калькулювання, тобто, значить — вона некомерційна. Не є препарованим товаром задля продажу його на конкретному ринку. ВАПНЯКИ грають немов при нагоді життя. Не програмно, але природньо реалізують важливу культурову чи інтеркультурову місію. Єднають специфічно американські (що непідробне!) прикмети — вилюзування, філінг, щирість переказу, естетичну свободу — з ноткою європейської меланхолії і неврозу, а також (що найважливіше) зі свідомістю того, звідки виходять, того, що їх батьківщиною Україна-яку-носиться-в-собі. Притому, виявляється, українська мова знаменито конвеніює з поетикою рока.

Пісні ВАПНЯКІВ з Торонта подобаються мені — ініційованому в музику через мрочну європейську психоделію, а також моєму другу — хіппі, вихованому на GREATEFULL DEAD. Натомість українцям, як думаю, трапляють прямо „ у душку".

Якщо стверджую, що щось є добре, то рат excellance вважаю це вартісним. Значить, мова про цінності. ВАПНЯКИ це капела краща за WEDDING PRESENT.

Ремек Ганай

(незалежний смаково й національно)

Передрук - Відрижка No.8

Чого вам ще...?

FEDORY...
The Art of Zen

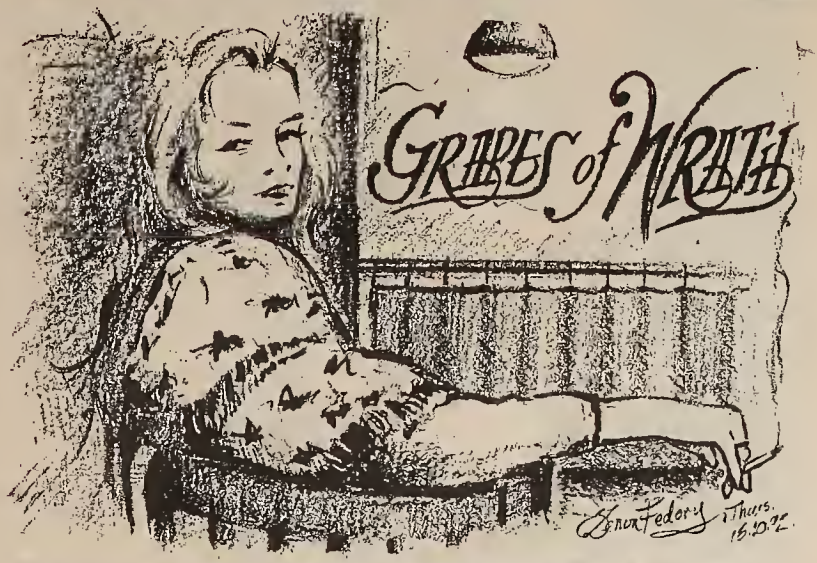
THE Arts

by Eugene Kachmarsky

Zenon Fedory is an artist. He simply isn't an artist, though, with the trendy external accoutrements of the mindless, he *is* an artist. All you have to do is spend five minutes with the man - never mind five weeks in a cramped hotel room and watching him act out his dreams while sleeping - to know this to be true.

Coming from the breezy plateau that is Winnipeg Wonderland, Fedory's style is a reflection of a plethora of influences. There is no one style, in fact, that can wholly characterize the *man* as well as his work. He is Ukrainian, and that certainly is a profound manifestation in his work. However, he is more. Fedory has gone beyond the traditional confines of the mainstream and entered a world in which caution and preconceived notions are as anathema as gay bikers on acid.

> ,,
> ...My backyard is a timeless space filled with all my dreams and desires...
> ,,



Displayed are several of Fedory's sketches. The above was drawn in Winnipeg, at a bar called "Grapes". The subject will soon have a painting of herself, done by the artist, based on the sketch. The other two sketches (bottom) are part of a series based on the movie "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors." Colour is what makes Fedory's paintings come to life - a simple black and white representation of them would serve as an injustice to the artist. Fedory's home is also his studio and private gallery.

This has allowed him to break through constricting barriers that surround the camp in which 'Ukrainian' culture is churned out like sausages in a grinder. In a sense, he is one of the few pioneers that have left the traditional precepts behind for a free pursuit of art, and thereby in the end strengthening and enriching those precepts in a positive way.

He is not simply an instrument through which mechanics are transferred from organic to inanimate form. The depth of Fedory's work and of Fedory himself derives from a well-defined and at the same time chaotic understanding of life and existence. The inspiration comes from the barren soil, where distinction wrestles with abstraction.

It raps the spine, erecting Stonehenges and murderous orgies.

It all may sound crazy to you, but there *is* a sense to what Fedory thinks. There also is a sense to what he paints.

Fedory's themes range from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the *theme* to the *themeless*. His works are both an exploration of process as well as an exercise in product. They are shockingly (to the prudish) sexual and yet tenderly gentle. They are both innocent and sinful. They represent a life that is both here and never will be. Colour replaces colourlessness, but when necessary, it doesn't. The dialectic of idea is as strongly reflected in his images as it is in his mind.

He is optimistic, and this as well is reflected. Fedory believes in the comedic and romantic as opposed to the darker Iliad of tragedy and irony. His works, although it may take you a while to figure them out (not because they are disjointed but because they are complex) simply make you feel good, because once you figure it out, you come out feeling as if you were passenger with the artist on a journey to understanding. If Taras Shevchenko can contemplate breasts, so can we all. We can also walk through pastoral glades and recite philosophical mantras. This is the point. It doesn't all have to be the way it has to be.

There is no mistake to be made about it. To the untrained eye, and more importantly, to the untrained mind, Fedory may appear to be a schism in the fabric of reason. This, however, is an unfortunate assessment that is as undeserved as it is rudely judgemental. You don't have to sleep with the man, you just have to understand him.

Sleeping with him, though, does make that a whole lot easier.

There is a timeless (and it can be mainrained, erroneous) idea that art imitates life. This is wrong, because art *is* life and life is art. There is a skill required of living and it is a skill which we must strive at which to excell. This is what Fedory, one can interpret, is trying to tell us in his own way. You don't have to be narrow, because there is so much out there to grasp. Why limit the richness of the life experience by confining yourself to a strictly-defined and predetermined pattern of existence and belief. Experience. Explore. If this is in any part anything close to what Fedory has tried to say, then you can make some sense of what this article is trying to say.

Wayne State Ukrainian Students Club & Studentetz present

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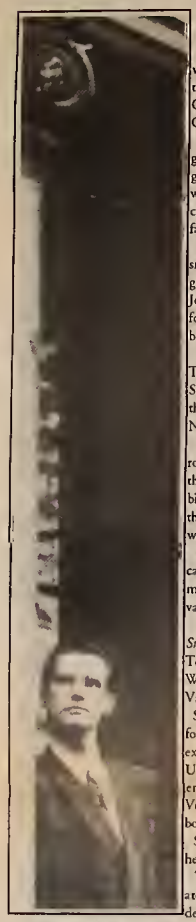
WIN A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO STUDENETZ!

The first reader who manages to find S.U.S.K., send in their current address, President, and agenda is eligible for the prize upon succesful completion of the following skill testing question: Has there ever been a S.U.S.K. president from Dildo, Newfoundland?

something in stetch



John Stetch
photo courtesy of Terra Nova Records

By Stephen Bandera

A Ukrainian from Edmonton has just ended a nine-city Canadian tour with a musical quartet that bears his name. This does not seem, initially, to be an unusual occurance. The thing that makes the John Stetch Quartet's tour noteworthy is not only the fact that he is a Ukrainian Canadian, but he is a Ukrainian Canadian playing Jazz.

John Stetch was born John Stechishin 26 years ago in Edmonton. His grandparents came over from Halychyna and Bukovyna, and his grandmother wrote the cookbook "Traditional Ukrainian Cookery" which "Studenetz" referred out readers to in issue #1 to explain the culinary origin of the newspaper's name. John first listened to his dentist father's jazz collection, and has not looked back since.

John originally played the saxophone, but turned to the piano while studying at McGill University. He managed to get a Canada Council grant to finance his tour which began in Edmonton on October 23rd. John plays the piano, Juno-winner Mike Mutley (ex-Shuffle Demon) forces the sounds out of his tenor sax, Jim Vivian strums the stand-up bass, and Ted Warren keeps the beat on the drums.

The quartet released their first CD entitled "Rectangle Man" through Terra Nova, a small California label. "We sent demo tapes to everyone," Stetch explained, "and we really lucked out with a US label. The market there is huge." After the tour ends up here in Toronto, John moves on to New York to continue his musical studies.

John characterizes his jazz as "post-Be-bop", that is to say it finds its roots in the "Be-bop" jazz of Parker, Gillespie, and Davis who played in the late 50's and 60's. "Be-bop" was a departure from traditional jazz and big band. Stetch's brand of jazz should not be confused, however, with the sounds of another "post Be-bop" brand of jazz, i.e. "hot tub jazz" which emerged in the 1980's.

In terms of the 'Ukrainianeness" of Stetch's jazz, he did include a piece called "Carpathian Blues" in his Toronto sets. The band takes the basic melody of the hutzulian "arkan", and each instrument takes turns doing a variation on it, placing the familiar six notes into a whole new context.

"There are a few Ukrainians in the Canadian jazz scene," Stetch told *Studenetz*, foremost of which are Ulana Perfecka, Toronto-based vocalist; Terry Lukiwski, Trombone from Toronto; Cam Ryga, T.O. Saxophone; Wayne Feschuk, piano, Edmonton; and Trumpet Kevin Elaschuk from Vancouver.

Stetch travelled with fellow Edmonchuk Luba Bilash to Ukraine in 1990 for the first Chervona Ruta festival held in Chernivtsi. "Our music wasn't exactly jazz, but we tried to jazz up the traditional pieces we did." Ukraine is not exactly ready for Jazz, according to Stetch, although the emergence of some folk-jazz bands like Chorniy Chereshni from Volhynia, who won the Maria festival's highest award earlier this year, do bode well for the future.

Stetch was also exposed to Ukrainian Canadian bands in his youth, and he is amazed to this day by their creative genius.

Today, recording artists like Ron Cahute are the most popular in and around the Ukrainian Canadian community. Darka and Slawko did depart from the traditional polka sounds of the Shmenge Brothers, but our community out here, never mind Ukraine, is not yet ready for a pure jazz artist whose main source of support would be the Ukrainian community.

The Big Lie ↓ The Steppes →

(with acknowledgements to Rick Emmet and all of his fans)

I pick up my bandura and lay the message down
About the crazy kind of things that make Ukraine go around
Like the money, the powet, the glory on high
Everybody's living with The Big, Big Lie.
Profiteering ex-communist party line says
Trust in us, people, everything will be fine, but that's a
Big Lie, baby that's a Big Lie
The disappearing millions should be no cause for alarm
The Chornobyl effect won't do you any harm, it's all a
Big Lie, they're selling us a Big Lie
It's the age old game of supply and demand
We're eating up the country just as fast as we can, and it's a
Big Lie, getting bigget all the time, it's a
Big Lie, where the truth is hard to find in The Big Lie.
Prices going up like a hot air balloon
Kravchuk keeps getting richer while babulia's getting screwed
To feed the Big Lie, welcome to the Big Lie
The politics of power, out of reach and out of touch
And all their fancy talkikg never did amount to much in The
Big Lie, bewate The Big Lie
The deficit grows like Gloria's nose
As we gaze in admiration at the Empetor's new clothes, it's
The Big lie.
Old time religion on Khreshchatyk every day
Selling tickets for breadlines in the fundamental way
The media tells it like ir is without a doubt, but for a hand job or two
They'll sell you short and sell you out
From Kiev ro Ternopil it's on with rhe show, bur its the
Burned out myth of economic birth control
The kovbasa's in rhe oven, the trains are on time
Don't worry, be happy live The Big Lie.
No matter how you slice it, it's always the same
The Big Lie seems to be the name of the game
And you can play it if you want, you'll probably get what you deserve
I guess it all depends upon what Master you serve
Do these words ring true? You get ro decide
Or is it just another chapter of The Big Lie.
She gave her beauty for us to keep.
A fertile soil upon which to reap.
She gave us identity, a life to lead,
A proud leagacy for her children to read.
She gave us blue skies, cities of gold.
Hopes for rhe future that never grow old.
With all she provided, and all that she gave,
She could not stop those with chains ro enslave.
The Steppes of Sorrow lead down to disgrace.
Years of suppression relentlessly took place.
She was raped and beaten because of their hate.
Her sons would fight to defend her faith.
They stole her sole and replaced it with theirs;
They imprisoned her sons, and destroyed her heirs.
She cried for justice rhat a world ignored.
She lay defenseless, her innocent veil was rorn.
Some sons betrayed her, others have fled,
As her captives rejoiced and prepared her death bed.
The Steppes of Justice are stained with blood.
What will be the faith of this woman we love?

by Joe Gulawsky & Marko Suprun

BOSNIAN UKRAINIANS

(continued from page 3)

order ro help the refugees survive the cold months ahead. Other community organizations hold similar aid campaigns.

The refugees' status forbids them to legally work, and they are largely dependent on the goodwill of the Austrians.

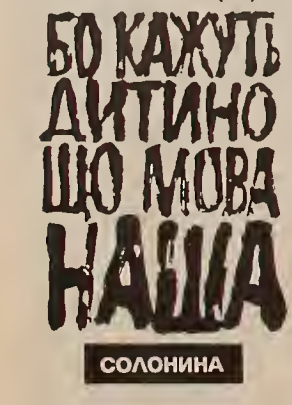
The Ukrainian refugees have many stories, photos and videos of destroyed villages and churches, but they are afraid to give it to the media. Serbian intelligence is very efficient, according to them, and they feas that Serbian authorities may payback whatever family they left in the former Yugoslavia.

The Kozarets parish, the largest concentration of Ukrainians in Bosnia, has 850 members. 150 of them have been forcibly enlisted by the Serbs; 60 were taken in the first days of the war alone. There are 41 Ukrainian Catholic parishes in Bosnia, 14 in Hercegovina and 8 in Macedonia.

The refugees have eyewitness accounts of mass executions of Muslims, Croats and of other national minorities. Their reports of mass graves, full of tens of hundreds of bodies, and how bulldozers were used to move the earth to cover them up are often met with disbelief. The documentation they have to back up their claims some plan ro use as a bargaining chip in their search for countries who will adopt them.

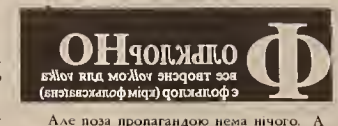
Any support is welcome and, in the case of the Ukrainian refugees, should be directed towards the Ukrainian Central Aid Union in Austria. Their address is Dresdner Strasse 124/3/19 and their telephone number: 0222 - 35 - 85 - 363.

Люди Добрі - ВІДРИЖКА



Цей часопис вже існує многая літа. Може існування він дістав в цюлі підчас польського воєнного стану. Може і ні. Так чи так існування часопису Відрижка почалось десь в глибокі, темні, дикі Польщі, де до тепер вона чомусь існує, проживає і плодиться (без виників). Чому ні? І добре що так.

Відрижка, цей ..бруківець чверть-інтелігенства," коротко кажучи, представляє реальність українського суспільства в спосіб котрий більшості українського суспільства би не хотіла бачити. Хоча, мушу сказати, що це що я щойно написав - це неправда і перебільшення. Фактично, в Відриж-ці містця то що більшості українського суспільства не хочить бачити і тобто не бачить. І файно їм всім. Файніше для тих котрі бачуть що справді діється і читають Відрижку.



Але поза пропагандою нема нічого. А Відрижка це тільки Відрижка. Тут можна прочитати про найцікавіші українські рок групи (і також не українські, наприклад канадська група Тцьуфтытцц), поети, артисти, можна знайти манифести всіляких артистичних псевдо-політичних груп, життерадісних і не радісних груп, фейлятове на всілякі теми, унікальне мистецтво, серйозно живий український фолькльор і дебати на релегійні теми. У часописі Відрижка міститься всьо - більше ніж продуктів у Центральному Універмазі в центрі Києва

Найкраще - можна знайти гумор у Відриж-ці майже на кожному кроці. Хоча кожний номер не буде мати такі класичні кавалки як ..Із Щоденника Греко-католицького священника в Польщі", але все ж таке гумор є і буде на кожній сторінці Відрижки.

Числа цього безцінного часопису вже від давна можна було знаходити в кращих помешканнях Канади. Хоча рідко його можна було купити - треба було його пильно і довго шукати. Через неформальність видруку журналу неформально він був розповсюджуваний по Канаді, нормально неформальними людьми.

Тепер щастя. Всі хто хцуть можуть мать.

Як хцети вишліть п'ять таків любою валютою на адресу

Vidryzhka - Studenetz,
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34 Southport Street,
Toronto, ONT, M6S 4Z8. CANADA

Eh!

САЛО СТІЙНІСТЬ!

The Humour Page

"I have yet to meet an interesting man who doesn't drink."
- Richard Burton

Who fools the foolish?

by N. W. Mann

A word or two on humour.

It is said that when you laugh, the world laughs with you. But when you cry, you cry alone. This is the power of humour. It gives individuals who may have very little else to do with each other a common denominator - a focal point around which their separate consciousness can merge into one. Humour is a unifying factor. It provides large numbers of people an opportunity to relieve the tension of our seemingly impossible lives by simply recognising the absurdity to which life in society can descend. Indeed, humour allows us to alleviate the horror in any difficult situation and replace it with a healthy attitude of acceptance of a given reality.

This acceptance does not, however, require tacit acquiescence. It merely represents an acknowledgement that things are the way they are, and that there is no advantage in idly and passively lamenting or in allowing the given circumstances to overwhelm one's individual ability to 'deal with it'.

Humour especially allows us an enjoyably poignant way to assess ourselves. Because the object of humour is to recognise ourselves for what we really are and not what we wish ourselves to be, there is no more sincere and beneficial way to improve. It is not making light of how stupid we can be. It is making light of how stupid we can be while admitting that we don't have to be that way - that we could be better. And it gives us the chance to laugh at our negative nature while admitting the inherently positive.

> "...acceptance does not require tacit acquiescence..."

Humour, therefore, allows us to become better as individuals, as a group or as society, by giving us the material with which we progress into a higher level of self-understanding. And there certainly can't be anything hideously wrong with that. After all, isn't our goal to increase our potential rather than stagnate at a miserably intolerable standstill?

And besides, it's fun too.

Humour makes us feel good about ourselves because we come to realise that not every fibre of our existence must be dedicated to apocalyptic seriousness. There is just far too much social pressure in today's world to get so caught up in it all that one fails to realise that reality is both sublime and ridiculous. Failing to come to such a realisation results in a rudely inaccurate conception of all that surrounds us.

The whole point is that humour of a constructive sort is good. It is necessary. To coin yet another tired, old aphorism, if we can't laugh at ourselves, who can we (do we have a right to), laugh at?

Unfortunately, there are many living on this planet who fail to grasp the salience of this. They are so caught up in themselves and the melodramatic seriousness of their existence that they are blind to the demands that reality makes on them to adapt. And adaptation is the key to survival. It has worked in the physical world for millennia as well as in specific cases in the collective consciousness of our species. We must learn to adapt in order to deal with the changes that drive our environment and, therefore, us. But we cannot accomplish that if we do not know ourselves, if we replace who we are by who we would like ourselves to be. This is unreal.

Humour is one way of achieving that for which we all strive. It can be critical; in fact, it must be critical to be useful. And criticism - while it can be protestful and biting to the ego - is the dynamic by which we get better. We are none of us Supermen, gods or Captain Picard. We are human beings who mewl and puke in addition to smelling like roses.

We all have shortcomings. The whole point is not being too big to admit them and act accordingly to correct ourselves. Failing to accept and understand this is tantamount to sentencing oneself to perpetual insanity. This is also unreal.

The whole secret to staying sane in our collective and individual insanity is taking oneself less seriously than others take you. This not only helps you. It helps me. It helps us. It also prevents you from tearing your own brains out in the process of trying to deprive me of mine. It helps us deal with the gravity of our lives without letting our lives become too grave.

At any rate, you can do alot of serious shit with a little bit of humour.

Top Ten Ways to identify a Ukrainian vampire

10. Is always drinking Bloody Marys but never seems to buy any tomato juice.
9. Glowing eys are Chornobyl green instead of blood red.
8. At Future Bakery, orders a dozen cheese perogies and a goat to go.
7. Can transform self at will into undead pot of *kapusta*.
6. Refuses to turn over silver bullet stockpile to Russian Vampire Federation.
5. Gets nervous when *patychky* are served at Easter dinner.
4. Only attends late night 'Free Demjanjuk' rallies.
3. Bumper sticker says 'Honk if you love Ukrainian vampires!'
2. Has entranced love-slave Luba trapped in his wine cellar.

And the Number one way to identify a Ukrainian vampire (soundtrack: drum roll for excruciating length of time...)

1. Likes garlic, and lots of it.

A Distinct Ukrainian Society

by Ivan Francone

I know, I know, if you hear one more word about a 'distinct society', you're just gonna puke. I myself have embarrassingly done so several times. However, I feel it my duty as a proud, hockey-playin', beer-chuggin' Canadian to point out that while the French and English wrangle over whether or not Quebec should be constitutionally ensuted of the right to be unique, the farmers of the Charlottetown Accord have maliciously omitted another ethnic group in our country that is ever so worthy of formal distinct status. I speak, of course, of the Yukon Ahmish.

No, no, just kidding.

Why, naturally, I mean Ukrainian-Canadians.

But how, you may ask, are we Canuckies so different from our Western European, Indian-slaughtering brethren? Well, I wouldn't have started on this if I didn't have a list, right?

1. Cash bars are common at English weddings. If anyone pulled a stunt like that at a Ukrainian wedding, the consequences would make Sarajevo look like summer camp.

2. In the red corner - poutine. In the blue corner - *Studenets*. Which is more disgusting, you tell me.

3. Ukrainian priests are much snappier dressers than their bland Anglican counterparts.

4. Cultural hero of Ukraine: Taras Shevchenko, sublime poet and philosopher. Cultural hero of Quebec: Bonhomme, eight-foot snowman.

5. Where else but at Ukrainian cafes can you have your capuccino topped with carbonated Javex mousse?

6. Where else but at Ukrainian cafes can you wait forty-five minutes to be *served* your capuccino topped with carbonated Javex mousse?

7. The Cossacks had much more lustrous moustaches than the coureurs-du-bois.

8. Ray Hnatyshyn could drink Audrey McLaughlin under the table any day of the week.

9. How many English bars have customers who bring their own herring?

10. ...And actually eat it?

11. Sure, your backwoods Frenchy moonshine might get a nun to blink once or twice; but for a beverage that'll also run your lawnmower, check out my grandmother's basement.

12. In every other culture, avante-garde poets disappeared with the advent of disco; and yet, in Ukrainian watering holes, they thrive like zebra mussels.

13. 'Lafleur': comes from the French, meaning 'the flower'. 'Coffey': comes from the English, meaning 'coffee'. 'Hawerchuk': comes from the Ukrainian, meaning 'one who drinks twelve mugs of coffee before going out to stomp flowers.'

14. Ukrainians have yet to learn that 'So-Use' really doesn't mean anything in English.

15. The French can't paint Easter eggs worth a crap.

I could go on forever, but *Taras Bulba*'s on the Family Channel in five minutes.

Ciao.

1492 -1992:FOUNDING & REFOUNDING

–The Studenetz Questionnaire–

For no special occasion at all, *Studenatz* would like lo hear from you. We want to know what you think of the newspaper. Are the features timely and provocative? Is there too much of the good thing and not enough of the bad? Are you upsel thal we print on recycled paper? Do perogies stick to your ceillng when you throw them at your roommate? What questlons and issues are primary to you? Do you care al all?

This questionnaire, designed in consultation wilh psychological operations experts of various global security services, along with randomly-selected grandmothers, is designed to give us an idea of how seditious the popular mind really can get. So if you fill this out and mail it in, do nol be alarmed when burly young men in dark glasses and driving square, black cars, arrive at your doorstep with a few questlons of their own.

I. Mora or Less?

	More	Less	Same	No More
hard news				
analysis				
commentary				
arts				
sports				
investigative				
studenl affairs				
ficlion				
comics				
humour				
mind warping				

2. I frequantly read the nawspaper. Yas____ No____
3. I am a studant. Yas____ No____ (Aga:____; Sex ____)
4. I trust my own judgement. Yas____ No____
5. I am influanced by consumerism and print advertising. Yas____ No____
6. I eat perogies and holubtsi. Yas____ No____
7. I eat Tai Dop Wai and whatever Vogua tells ma to eat. Yas____ No____
8. I prefer redical ideas to stagnant dogma. Yes____ No____
9. I would like to sea the paper mora often. Yes____ No____
10. I am or intend to be professionelly wall-astablishad. Yes____ No____ Profession: _____
11. I dress wermly in cold weather. Yes____ No____
12. I ballava I should hava a serious volca. Yes____ No____
13. I baliave that I have not found a serious madium for my voice. Yes____ No____
14. I balieva I should hava a constructiva say in tha way my community develops. Yas____ No____
15. I am satisfiled with what is providad ma by thosa who claim to raprasant my interasts. Yas____ No____
16. Commants: _____

_____

_____

17. Do you want to live someona elsa's life? Yes____ No____
18. Is anyona originally from Ternopil ralated to you? Yas____ No____

We are very interested in your comments and views, as you no doubt are curious about ours. Fill and send this survey in (see Page Two for the address) and we will send you a complimentary issue at next printing.

PERMISSION TO FREELY DISTRIBUTE THE IDEAS EMBODIED IN THIS PAPER MAY BE OBTAINED IN WRITING FROM THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

by Marko Suprun

1992 marks the 500 year anniversary of the discovery of the New World. For most of us, it's difficult to sincerely comprehend the full meaning behind the concept of a "New World". Moreover, it's difficult to imagine the strength and courage necessary to challenge our most fundamental fears. Christopher Columbus, driven by a burning desire few men will ever feel, had the savvy to master his fears, and the charisma to show others how. If you stop and think for a moment, nothing since Columbus's voyage in 1492 has so dramatically changed the world. To many, especially Columbus, it was the re-discovery of Eden. It truly was the founding of a "New World."

The movie *1492* was released to celebrate the 500 year anniversary of Columbus's voyage. At one point in the movie, Queen Isabella despairingly remarks, "The New World...is a disaster". Columbus, having spent a year in prison, ponders a moment and replies, "And the Old One...an achievement?" It was then I realized that today, the West is faced with an opportunity of the same magnitude that faced Columbus and the world in 1492.

The discovery in 1492 was another chance for society to restructure its fabric; to pave a new road; to right the many, many wrongs. It brought new hopes for a better life. It gave many daring women and men an opportunity to free themselves from their pasts. Proverb XXIX, in *The Book of Proverbs* states: "Where there is no vision, the people perish". Indeed, the greatest vision of all is the ability to see beyond life's constraints and in so doing, free the human spirit. Histoty has provided rare occurrences of visionary men like Columbus, who saw the potential treasures beyond society's self-imposed barriers and constraints. These men and women challenged the establishment and risked their lives to capture an opportunity to claim the wealth for society. Without these visionaries, society would have perished a long time ago. They understood that only through freedom could they secure the wealth of the future. Ultimately, the "New World" freed 15th century society from their own history and secured a future for a thousand unborn generations.

The Founding Fathers of the United States fully understood the measure of freedom. They understood that without the freedom to become master of one's destiny, man will forever be a servant to tyranny. To free society, and hence grasp the opportunity to secure their future potential, they elevated the individual spirit to new heights in order to achieve a new victory. To many of the Founding Fathers, government was an obstacle to individual freedom and should be severely limited. In this regard, they founded a 'New Republic' based upon the highest regard for the pursuit of individual freedom. What they perceived as a natural right to freedom is embodied in the Constitution of the United States of America. The constitution became an inviolate covenant that could only be enhanced as society progressed and changed.

Indeed, the world has once again been dramatically changed. Last year, the revolutions that freed Eastern Europe from Communist and Soviet domination was epitomized by the collapse of the U.S.S.R. During the last 74 years of Communism in the Soviet Union, a countless number of people who opposed the totalitarian system of subjugation found themselves serving life sentences in Siberian concentration camps. Many of these innocent individuals had their identities stolen and became what George Orwell referred to in *1984* as "non-persons". On December 25th, 1991, political poetic justice was served when the Soviet Union became a "non-country". The "New World" that Lenin founded on the ideals of socialism, was a disaster.

Prior to his death Lenin admitted that his attempt at founding the first socialist state was a failure. In his own words, Lenin said: "We must be clearly aware that the attempt has failed and that it is impossible suddenly to change people's outlook acquired over the ages. We can tty to drive the population into the new system by force, but the question would still remain whether we would retain power in this all-Russian slaughter house." Ironically, Lenin implicitly conceded that the "Old World" was an achievement.

The collapse of the Soviet Union was for many of the republics a chance to become master's of their own destiny. In many ways, Ukraine's Independence is another chance for Ukrainian society to restructure its fabric; to pave a new road; to right the many, many wrongs. For many Ukrainians, independence brings new hopes for a better life. Ukrainian Independence has given many daring women and men an opportunity to free themselves from their Communist past. They are faced with an unprecedented opportunity to re-discover their "Old World".

The Ukrainian "Old World" has existed for centuries under the foot of the Russian Tzar, and has been imprisoned for the last 74 years by the Soviet Union. Leaders of Ukraine can secure the potential treasures of freedom for future generations by resurrecting the "Old World" traditions as they forge a 'New Ukraine'. The re-discovering of the "Old World" through Ukrainian Independence is of the same magnitude that accompanied the discovery of the "New World" in 1492. In this regard, it is incumbent upon the Ukrainian Diaspora to become active participants in re-founding Ukraine.

As with other foundings and re-foundings, the wealth of freedom and independence is enshrined in a constitution. Following the Declaration of Independence, Ukrainian officials embarked upon the creation of a constitution.. Ukrainians have been inundated for 74 years with a government that reached into every aspect of their individual lives. Indeed, it was the Communist Party that defined their lives and controlled their destinies. One would think that the Ukrainian Constitution would guarantee individual freedom for Ukrainians by limiting government control. Unfortunately, the Ukrainian Constitution is at best, a bureaucratic sterile document that can potentially turn their freedom into another form of tyranny and turn their "New World" into a disaster.

For example, Article 6 of Part One of *The Principles of the Constitutional System* maintains that "State bodies and officials exercise their powers in accordance with the principle *'only that is allowed which is defined by law'*." This axiom allows state officials to define what is allowed, as they are the individuals that will define the law. Is this another attempt at controlling the fate of individual lives? Given the fact that the people who are framing the constitution are former Communists, an axiom that would empower the state and not individuals should not be surprising.

Article 6 continues to assert that "Citizens exercise their rights in accordance with the principle *'all is allowed that is not prohibited by law'*." Rather than guarantee their citizens the right to pursue their individual interests without interference from the state, Ukrainians are once again confined by the government. Would it not be wiser to follow an axiom that would allow individual self-interest to develop without governmental interference, which in turn would develop Ukraine to its fullest potential? It is true that individualism should be pursued at the expense of other individuals. However, this is something that should be taught and not legislated. When governments begin legislating what the people can and cannot do, that government invariably becomes despotic.

The Ukrainian Constitution as it stands today, infringes on individual freedom which limits individual rights. Today, Ukraine is lacking people of vision that can secure a free and prosperous state. And "without vision, people perish". At the end of its first year of independence, Ukraine has reached a fork in the road. They can secure freedom for the individual by limiting the government or they can create a despotic overbearing government and limit individual capabilities. The first step to securing their freedom would be to frame a constitution independent of influence from old Communist nomenklatura and apparatchiks. Ukrainian Independence can develop to its fullest potential with help from the Ukrainian Diaspora who have enjoyed the individualism guaranteed by Western Constitutionalism. Without it, Ukrainian Independence and the re-founding of Ukraine is jeopardized.

THE "MARK OF THE BEA$T"

ALL Christians are PROHIBITED by Revelation 14:9-11 from cooperating with the "MARK-OF-THE-BEA$T" bar-code, OCR-number, and magnetic-strip scanning systems, (as found in local libraries, supermarkets, retail establishments, etc.), which also THREATEN to SUBVERT Individual Privacy and Freedom.

The scanners can serve THE SAME CRIMINAL PURPOSE as the TV cameras in the book "1984"!

The UPC bar-codes are probably the most blatant form of the "MARK OF THE BEA$T" so far, with the "NUMBER OF THE BEA$T", 666, ALREADY CODED INTO THEM. Each of the so-called "guard patterns", pairs of thin lines spaced close together at the begining, middle, and end of each full-length UPC bar-code, is IDENTICAL to one of the two codes for a 6.

WARN YOUR FRIENDS!

UN-altered REPRODUCTION and DISSEMINATION of this IMPORTANT Information is ENCOURAGED.

Robert E. McElwaine
University Library Planning Discussion

"So we are necessarily strangers to ourselves, we do not comprehend ourselves, we *have* to misunderstand ourselves, for us the law "Each is furthest from himself" applies to all eternity—we are not men of knowledge with respect to ourselves."

-Friedrich Nietzsche, On the Genealogy of Morals